

DAVIS, M.

SCC
5644

From A. C. Foster
from
Alice E. Northfield.

Answers in the glad service.

August 1911.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Calvin College



NORTHFIELD HYMNS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE

EDITED BY
CLAI^{RE} CHAPMAN
AND
ELSIE E. McCARTEE



O Sing unto the Lord a new Song.

· Ps. 98: 1.

NEW YORK
THE H. W. GRAY CO.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
NOVELLO & CO., LIMITED

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE H. W. GRAY CO.

INTRODUCTION

THIS collection of hymns was made to fill a definite need, and is designed for use in Young Peoples' Societies, the Sunday-School, and the home. The hymns have been chosen with the thought of teaching the truths of the Gospel, in the most attractive and lasting way.

Especial care has been given to the division designated "For little children," and every hymn in the collection has been tested, by frequent use, and found inspiring.

NEW YORK, 1910.

THE EDITORS.

iii

PREFACE

THREE could be no greater pleasure than to commend such a wise collection of the best children's hymns as is offered in this little book. Miss Chapman and Miss McCartee have had ample experience in teaching children, and their love both of the children and of the children's Saviour has been the best of guides to them in their selection of the hymns, while their delight and skill in good music has fitted them to choose the tunes best for the children and truest in themselves. The hymns have been used for two years by Miss Chapman in the Children's Choir at Northfield.

To the Great Father and the Good Shepherd Whom He sent to gather the little children like lambs to His fold, and to all whose hearts are pure, and to all whose hearts were pure once and would fain be pure again, there are no sweeter sounds than the children's voices. Around the throne of God in Heaven they are ever singing and their's is the dearest melody. Here on earth, too, if our dull ears ever hear the heavenly harmony at all, it is in the song of some little child.

May grace be given us ourselves to sing and to teach the children to sing aright these hymns of the Saviour's loving care and loving call.

Hosanna, we sing, like the children dear,
In the oiden days when the Lord lived here;
He blessed little children and smiled on them
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.
Hallelujah we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
As they follow the Shepherd with loving eyes,
Thro' the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

Hosanna, we sing, for He bends His ear
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
Hallelujah we sing, in the Church we love,
Hallelujah resounds in the Church above.
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given
That we lose not our part in the Song of Heaven.

ROBERT E. SPEER.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

| No. | First Line. | Author | Composer. |
|-----|--|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. | Abide with me..... | H. F. Lyte | W. H. Monk |
| 2. | All glory, laud and honor..... | J. M. Neale, Tr. | M. Teschner |
| 3. | Angel voices, ever singing..... | Francis Pott | Arthur S. Sullivan |
| 4. | Anywhere with Jesus..... | J. H. Brown | Daniel B. Towner |
| 5. | Around the throne of God..... | Anne H. Shepherd | H. E. Matthews |
| 6. | As helpless as a child..... | James D. Burns | John Baptiste Calkin |
| 7. | At even, ere the sun was set..... | H. Twells | G. Josephi |
| 8. | At the close of every day..... | Anon. | May Whittle Moody |
| 9. | At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay..... | W. Bright | H. Smart |
| 10. | Away in a manger..... | Martin Luther | J. E. Spelman |
| 11. | Come, sing with holy gladness..... | J. J. Daniell | Kocher's Zionharpe |
| 12. | Come to the Saviour..... | George F. Root | George F. Root |
| 13. | Dear Jesus, ever at my side..... | F. W. Faber | Arthur S. Sullivan |
| 14. | Down in the pleasant pastures..... | Anna Shipton | R. H. Woodman |
| 15. | Do you know what makes..... | J. Martin | Wm. J. Kirkpatrick |
| 16. | Eternal Father, strong to save..... | W. Whiting | J. B. Dykes |
| 17. | Every little flower that grows..... | F. R. Havergal | C. Chapman |
| 18. | Far out on the desolate..... | R. W. Raymond | Ferd. Silcher |
| 19. | Fight the good fight..... | J. S. B. Monsell | W. Boyd |
| 20. | For Thee, O dear, dear country..... | Bernard of Cluny | From Rossini |
| 21. | Glory to Thee, my God, this night..... | Bishop Ken | T. Tallis |
| 22. | God bless our native land..... | C. T. Brooks | H. Carey |
| 23. | God Who hath made the daisies..... | E. P. Hood | R. Jackson |
| 24. | God, Who made the earth..... | S. B. Rhodes | C. Chapman |
| 25. | Go forth, for Jesus..... | Mrs. F. A. Breck | Powell G. Fithian |
| 25. | Golden harps are sounding..... | F. R. Havergal | F. R. Havergal |
| 26. | Hail the day that sees Him rise..... | C. Wesley | W. H. Monk |
| 27. | Hark, my soul! it is the Lord..... | W. Cowper | J. B. Dykes |
| 28. | Hark! the herald angels sing..... | C. Wesley | Mendelssohn |
| 29. | Hark! the voice of Jesus..... | D. March | J. B. Dykes |
| 30. | Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's Voice..... | A. Thomas | W. A. Ögdén |
| 31. | Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty..... | Bishop Heber | J. B. Dykes |
| 32. | Holy Spirit, hear us..... | W. H. Parker | O. M. Feilden |
| 33. | Hum, little bee..... | Ida Scott Taylor | J. Howard Entwistle |
| 34. | Hushed was the evening hymn..... | J. D. Burns | Arthur S. Sullivan |
| 35. | I am so glad..... | P. P. Bliss | P. P. Bliss |
| 36. | I am trusting Thee..... | F. R. Havergal | E. W. Bullinger |
| 37. | If I come to Jesus..... | F. J. Van Alstyne | English melody |
| 38. | I have sinned..... | E. E. McC. | C. Chapman |
| 39. | I lay my sins on Jesus..... | H. Bonar | J. B. Calkin |
| 40. | I'm a little pilgrim..... | L. Curwen | C. Chapman |
| 41. | In Eastern lands..... | Edward I. Shannon | G. W. Martin |
| 42. | In the field, with their flocks abiding..... | F. W. Farrar | J. Farmer |
| 43. | I need not go to India..... | J. R. Murray | J. R. Murray |
| 44. | I sing the almighty power of God..... | Isaac Watts | A. Cottman |
| 45. | It came upon the midnight clear..... | E. H. Sears | R. S. Willis |
| 46. | I've found a Friend..... | J. G. Small | Arthur S. Sullivan |
| 47. | Jerusalem, my happy home..... | F. B. P. | Samuel A. Ward |
| 49. | Jerusalem the golden..... | Bernard of Cluny | A. Ewing |
| 48. | Jerusalem the golden..... | Bernard of Cluny | Maltbie D. Babcock |
| 50. | Jesus, and shall it ever be..... | J. L. Grigg | H. K. Oliver |
| 51. | Jesus calls us..... | C. F. Alexander | W. H. Jude |
| 52. | Jesus, can a child like me..... | C. A. Fyke | J. B. Wilkes |
| 53. | Jesus Christ is risen to-day..... | From Lyra Davidica | From Lyra Davidica |
| 94. | Jesus Christ, to Thee I pray..... | E. E. McC. | J. B. Dykes |
| 54. | Jesus, from Thy throne on high..... | T. B. Pollock | F. A. J. Hervey |
| 55. | Jesus, high in glory..... | Anon. | F. R. Matthews |
| 56. | Jesus, keep me all this day..... | Newman Hall | May Whittle Moody |
| 57. | Jesus loves me, this I know..... | Anna B. Warner | W. B. Bradbury |
| 58. | Jesus, my Lord..... | E. H. Hamilton | Ira D. Sankey |
| 59. | Jesus sat beside the treasury..... | Anon. | C. Chapman |
| 60. | Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun..... | Isaac Watts | J. Hutton |
| 61. | Jesus, sun of righteousness..... | J. L. Borthwick | G. A. Macfarren |

| No. | First Line. | Author. | Composer. |
|------|--|----------------------|---|
| 62. | Jesus, tender shepherd..... | M. Duncan | C. A. Barnard |
| 63. | Jesus, the children are calling..... | A. Matheson | W. F. Hurndall |
| 64. | Jesus, when he left the sky..... | M. Rumsey | C. Chapman |
| 65. | Just as I am..... | Charlotte Elliott | W. B. Bradbury |
| 67. | Like silver lamps..... | W. C. Dix | C. Steggall |
| 66. | Lord, lead the way..... | W. Croswell | Henry Hiles |
| 68. | Lord of glory..... | E. S. Alderson | J. B. Dykes |
| 69. | Lord, Thy word abideth..... | H. W. Baker | German melody |
| 71. | Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep..... | Jane E. Leeson | L. G. Hayne |
| 70. | Mine eyes have seen the glory..... | Julia Ward Howe | W. Steffe |
| 72. | More about Jesus..... | E. E. Hewitt | John R. Sweeney |
| 73. | My country, 'tis of thee..... | S. F. Smith | Henry Carey |
| 75. | My God, I thank Thee..... | A. A. Proctor | F. C. Maker |
| 76. | My Heavenly Father gives to me..... | E. E. McC. | C. Chapman |
| 77. | No one like Jesus..... | Anon. | May Whittle Moody |
| 78. | No room, alas! for a Saviour here..... | A. A. P. | May Whittle Moody |
| 79. | Now the day is over..... | S. Baring-Gould | S. Baring-Gould |
| 80. | O happy band of pilgrims..... | J. M. Neale | J. H. Knecht |
| 81. | O little town of Bethlehem..... | Phillips Brooks | R. H. Woodman |
| 82. | O Lord of Heaven, and earth and sea..... | C. Wordsworth | J. B. Dykes |
| 84. | Once in Bethlehem of Judah..... | Mrs. C. F. Alexander | J. H. Maundt |
| 83. | Once in royal David's city..... | Mrs. C. F. Alexander | H. J. Gauntlett |
| 88. | One there is above all others..... | J. Newton | Gounod |
| 85. | O, say, can you see..... | F. S. Key | J. S. Smith |
| 86. | O we are volunteers..... | Geo. F. Root | George F. Root |
| 87. | Onward, Christian soldiers..... | S. Baring-Gould | Arthur S. Sullivan From Children's Hymnal |
| 89. | O what can little hands do..... | G. W. Hinsdale | J. B. Dykes |
| 90. | Purer yet, and purer..... | J. W. von Goethe | E. J. Hopkins |
| 91. | Saviour again..... | J. Ellerton | J. B. Dykes |
| 93. | Saviour, teach me, day by day..... | J. E. Leeson | R. Lowry |
| 92. | Saviour, Thy dying love..... | S. D. Phelps | Haydn |
| 95. | Silent night!..... | Joseph Mohr | P. P. Bliss |
| 96. | Sing them over again to me..... | P. P. Bliss | |
| 97. | Speak just a word for Jesus..... | Katherine O. Barker | D. B. Towner Fr. Katholisches Gesangbuch |
| 98. | Sun of my soul..... | J. Keble | W. H. Doane |
| 99. | Tell me the old, old story..... | Katherine Hankey | J. B. Dykes |
| 100. | Ten thousand times ten thousand..... | H. Alford | Mary Anne Browne |
| 101. | The breaking waves..... | Felicia D. Hemans | C. C. Scholefield |
| 102. | The day Thou gavest..... | J. Ellerton | From Book of Praise for Children |
| 103. | The fields are all white..... | H. W. Baker | John Adcock |
| 104. | The King of Love..... | A. Midlane | J. Stainer |
| 105. | There's a Friend..... | Emily E. S. Elliott | C. Chapman |
| 106. | There came a little Child..... | Mrs. C. F. Alexander | George C. Stebbins |
| 107. | There is a green hill..... | Andrew Young | W. H. Jude, arr. |
| 108. | There is a happy land..... | R. W. Raymond | Fred. Schilling |
| 109. | There's a beautiful star..... | Johnson Oatman | George C. Hugg |
| 110. | There's not a friend like Jesus..... | R. Heber | H. S. Cutler |
| 111. | The Son of God goes to war..... | W. St. Hill Bourne | J. F. Bridge |
| 112. | The sower went forth sowing..... | Anon. | E. J. Hopkins |
| 113. | The wise may bring their learning..... | M. Elsie Thalheimer | John Baptist Cramer |
| 114. | Thou art my Shepherd..... | Emily E. S. Elliott | May Whittle Moody |
| 115. | Thou didst leave Thy throne..... | Mary B. Peters | T. B. Southgate |
| 116. | 'Tis the birthday of our Saviour..... | Florence Hoare | Charles Vincent |
| 118. | To Thee, O Lord..... | W. C. Dix | Arthur S. Sullivan |
| 119. | Uplift the banner..... | George W. Doane | John Baptiste Calkin |
| 120. | We are but little children, weak..... | Mrs. C. F. Alexander | C. E. Willing |
| 122. | We are children of a King..... | Lucy J. Rider | Lucy J. Rider |
| 121. | We march, we march to victory..... | G. Moultrie | Joseph Barnby |
| 124. | We plough the fields..... | Jane M. De Armond | J. A. P. Schulz |
| 123. | We sail along..... | Lizzie De Armond | Ira F. Wilson |
| 125. | When He cometh..... | Wm. O. Cushing | George F. Root |
| 126. | When, His salvation bringing..... | John King | Berthold Tours |
| 127. | When we walk with the Lord..... | J. H. Sammis | D. B. Towner |
| 128. | When morning gilds the skies..... | Fr. E. Caswall | J. Barnby |
| 129. | Where is Jesus..... | B. Waugh | May Whittle Moody |
| 130. | While shepherds watched..... | Tate & Brady | C. Chapman |
| 131. | Whither, pilgrims, are you going..... | Anon. | Wm. B. Bradbury |
| 133. | Who is on the Lord's side?..... | F. R. Havergal | J. Goss, arr. |
| 134. | Whosoever heareth..... | P. P. Bliss | P. P. Bliss |
| 132. | Why do bells at Christmas ring?..... | Eugene Field | M. R. Hofer |
| 135. | Work, for the night is coming..... | A. L. Walker | L. Mason |
| 136. | Yield not to temptation..... | H. R. Palmer | H. R. Palmer |

TOPICAL INDEX

MORNING

No. First Line.

9. At Thy feet, O Christ,
31. Holy, holy, holy,
94. Jesus Christ, to Thee I pray
56. Jesus, keep me all this day
61. Jesus, Sun of righteousness
128. When morning gilds the skies

EVENING

1. Abide with me!
7. At even, ere the sun was set
8. At the close of every day
21. Glory to Thee,
34. Hushed was the evening hymn
62. Jesus, tender Shepherd hear me
79. Now the day is over
91. Saviour, again to Thy dear name
98. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear
102. The day Thou gavest Lord, is ended

CHRISTMAS

10. Away in a manger, no crib
28. Hark! the herald angels sing
42. In the field with their flocks abiding
45. It came upon the midnight clear
67. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine
78. No room, alas! for a Saviour here
81. O little town of Bethlehem
84. Once in Bethlehem of Judah
83. Once in royal David's city
95. Silent night! Holy night!
106. There came a little Child to earth
109. There's a beautiful star,
115. Thou didst leave Thy throne.
116. 'Tis the Birthday of our Saviour
130. While shepherds watched
132. Why do bells at Christmas ring

EASTER

25. Golden harps are sounding
26. Hail the day that sees Him rise
41. In Eastern lands a story runs
53. Jesus Christ is risen to-day

THANKSGIVING

112. The sower went forth sowing
118. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts
124. We plough the fields and scatter

CONFESION

38. I have sinned, I need a Saviour
39. I lay my sins on Jesus
58. Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry
65. Just as I am without one plea

INVITATION

12. Come to the Saviour,
51. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
134. Whosoever heareth, shout,

CONFIDENCE

No. First Line.

4. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go
6. As helpless as a child who clings
36. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus
104. The King of Love my Shepherd is
114. Thou art my Shepherd
117. Through the love of God,

PRAYER

2. All glory, laud, and honour
3. Angel voices, ever singing
5. Around the throne of God in heaven
11. Come sing with holy gladness
44. I sing the almighty power of God
75. My God, I thank Thee who hast

MISSIONS

24. Go forth, go forth, for Jesus now
29. Hark! the voice of Jesus crying
30. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice
43. I need not go to India
60. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
103. The fields are all white
135. Work, for the night is coming

WARFARE

19. Fight the good fight
87. Onward Christian soldiers
86. O! we are volunteers
111. The Son of God goes forth to war
119. Uplift the banner, let it float
121. We march, we march to victory
133. Who is on the Lord's side

HEAVEN

20. For thee, O dear, dear country
47. Jerusalem, my happy home
48. 49. Jerusalem, the golden
100. Ten thousand times ten thousand
108. There is a happy land
131. Whither, pilgrims, are you going?

OFFERTORY

59. Jesus sat beside the treasury
68. Lord of glory, who hast bought us
76. My Heavenly Father gives to me
82. O Lord of Heaven and earth
92. Saviour, Thy dying love

PATRIOTIC

74. God bless our native land
70. Mine eyes have seen the glory
73. My country 'tis of thee
85. O say can you see
101. The breaking waves dashed high

GENERAL

No. First Line.

13. Dear Jesus, ever at my side
 14. Down in the pleasant pastures
 16. Eternal Father, strong to save
 18. Far out on the desolate billow
 23. God, who made the earth
 27. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord
 32. Holy Spirit, hear us
 46. I've found a Friend,
 50. Jesus, and shall it ever be
 54. Jesus, from Thy throne on high
 66. Lord, lead the way
 69. Lord, Thy word abideth
 71. Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep
 80. O happy band of pilgrims
 88. One there is above all others
 90. Purer yet and purer
 93. Saviour, teach me day by day
 96. Sing them over again to me
 97. Speak just a word for Jesus
 99. Tell me the old, old story
 107. There is a green hill far away
 110. There's not a friend like Jesus
 127. When we walk with the Lord
 136. Yield not to temptation

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

No. First Line.

15. Do you know what makes us happy
 17. Every little flower that grows
 22. God, who hath made the daisies
 33. Hum, little bee,
 35. I am so glad
 37. If I come to Jesus
 40. I'm a little pilgrim
 52. Jesus, can a child like me
 55. Jesus, high in glory
 57. Jesus loves me, this I know
 63. Jesus, the children are calling
 64. Jesus, when He left the sky
 77. No one like Jesus
 89. O what can little hands do
 105. There's a Friend for little children
 113. The wise may bring their learning
 120. We are but little children weak
 122. We are children of a king
 123. We sail along in our little boats
 125. When He cometh, when He cometh
 126. When, His salvation bringing
 129. Where is Jesus, little children

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE editors acknowledge the following permission in respect to copyright tunes used in this book: No. 4, Anywhere with Jesus, D. B. Towner; No. 8, At the Close of Every Day, May Whittle Moody; No. 12, Come to the Saviour, John Church Co.; No. 14, Down in the Pleasant Pastures, R. H. Woodman; No. 15, Do You Know What Makes Us Happy, John J. Hood; No. 24, Go Forth for Jesus, Powell G. Fithian; No. 33, Hum, Little Bee, John J. Hood; No. 35, I am so Glad, John Church Co.; No. 41, In Eastern Lands, The Brooklyn Sunday-School Union; No. 43, I Need Not go to India, John Church Co.; No. 49, Jerusalem the Golden, Mrs. Mattie D. Babcock; No. 56, Jesus Keep Me all this Day, May Whittle Moody; No. 58, Jesus, My Lord, Wm. Biglow & Main; No. 72, More about Jesus, Mrs. John R. Sweeney; No. 77, No One Like Jesus, May Whittle Moody; No. 78, No Room, Alas, May Whittle Moody; No. 81, O Little Town of Bethlehem, E. P. Dutton & Co.; No. 97, Speak Just a Word, David B. Towner; No. 107, There is a Green Hill, George C. Stebbins; No. 110, There's not a Friend Like Jesus, Geo. C. Hugg; No. 115, Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne, May Whittle Moody; No. 121, We are Children of a King, F. H. Revell, No. 124, We Sail Along in our Little Boats, The Lorenz Publishing Co.; No. 129, Where is Jesus, May Whittle Moody; No. 133, Whosoever Leaveth, The John Church Co.; No. 134, Why Do Bells at Christmas Ring? The C. F. Summy Co.; No. 136, Yield Not to Temptation, H. R. Palmer.

Northfield Hymns for Young People

1

Abide with me.

EVENTIDE.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark-ness
deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts
flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!
- 4 I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

All glory, laud and honour.

ST. THEODULPH.

M. TESCHNER.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

3 The people of the Hebrews
With psalms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

4 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

5 Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Amen.

Angel voices, ever singing.

ANGEL VOICES

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light—



An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night.



Thousands on-ly live to bless Thee, And confess Thee, Lord of might! Amen.



2 Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blesséd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee. Amen.
Rev. FRANCIS POTT.

4 Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.

SAFETY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. (An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He
 An - y-where without Him dearest joys would fade, *Omit*.....

leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with Je - sus I am

not a - fraid. An - y-where, an - y-where! Fear I can - not
 know; An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

Copyright, 1887, by Daniel B. Towner.

2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
 Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
 Tho' His hand may lead me over drearest ways,
 Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
 When the darkling shadows round about me creep,
 Knowing I shall waken never more to roam;
 Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

Around the throne of God.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

H. E. MATTHEWS.



1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand ; Chil -



dren, whose sins are all for-given, A ho - ly hap - py band. Sing-ing



glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.... A - men.



2 What brought them to that world above,

That heaven so bright and fair,—

Where all is peace and joy and love?

How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood

To wash away their sin;

Bathed in that pure and precious flood,

Behold them white and clean ! Amen.

ANNE SHEPHERD.

FATHERHOOD.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. As help-less as a child who clings Fast to his fa-ther's arm,
 And casts his weak-ness on the strength That keeps him safe from harm,
 So I, my Fa-ther, cling to Thee, And thus I ev -'ry hour Would
 link my earth-ly fee -ble-ness To Thine Al-might-y power. A - men.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
 Up in his mother's face,
 And all his little griefs and fears
 Forgets in her embrace,—
 So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
 And in Thy Face divine,
 Can read the love that will sustain
 As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
 Close by his parent's knee,
 And knows no want while he can have
 That sweet society,
 So, sitting at Thy Feet, my heart
 Would all its love outpour,
 And pray that Thou would'st teach me, Lord,
 To love Thee more and more. Amen.

Rev. J. D. BURNS.

At even, ere the sun was set.

ANGELUS.

G. JOSEPHI.

At even, ere the sun was set, The sick, O
Lord, a-round Thee lay; Oh, in what di-vers
pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way! A-men.

- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 Oh, Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

H. TWELLS.

PRAYER.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



1. At the close of ev - 'ry day, Lord, to Thee I



kneel and pray. Look up - on Thy lit - tle child,



Look in love and mer - cy mild. A - men.



Copyright, 1909, by May Whittle Moody

MORNING.

2 O forgive and wash away
All my naughtiness this day.
When I sleep and when I wake
Bless me for my Saviour's sake.

3 Father, Thou hast heard our pray'r,
And we own Thy tender care.
For, by Thee, in safety kept,
We have laid us down and slept.

4 Teach us now our hearts to raise,
In our morning hymn of praise,
And for Jesus' sake we pray
Bless and keep us thro' the day. Amen.

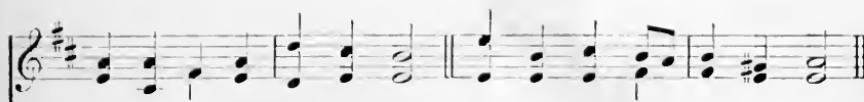
ANON.

HEATHLANDS.

H. SMART.



1. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day;



Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more;



Lest it prove a time of less, Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross. A - men.



2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.
Amen. W. BRIGHT.

10 Away in a manger, no crib for a bed.

AFTON.

J. E. SPILMAN.

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed,

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head.

The stars in the heav - en looked down where He lay— The

lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay. A - men.

2 The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes
 But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
 I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
 And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
 Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
 Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
 And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there. Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER.

ELLACOMBE.

KOCHE'S ZIONHARPE.



1. Come, sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High Al - le - lu - ias sing,



Up - lift your loud Ho - san - nas To Je - sus, Lord and King;



Sing, boys, in joy - ful cho - rus Your hymn of praise to - day,



And sing, ye gen - tle maid - ens, Your sweet re-sponsive lay. A - men.

2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King ;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest ;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer Blest.

3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought, with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane ;

O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son ;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day ;
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnish'd portals,
And sing th' eternal song. Amen.

J. J. DANIEL.

Come to the Saviour.

INVITATION.

GEO. F. Root.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day,
D. S.—And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee,

REFRAIN.

FINE.

Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!" Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be,
In our e-ter-nal home.

D. S.

When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by permission.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

GEO. F. ROOT.

AUDIENTES.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

Organ.

1. Dear Je-sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be

To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me !

Voices in harmony.

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin-ing face I see not, though so near ;

The sweetnes of Thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear. A - men.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did
When I was but a child.
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetnes is from Thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.
Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too ;
Thy prayer is all for me :
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently. Amen.

BAILEY.

RAYMOND HUNTINGTON WOODMAN.

1. Down in the pleasant pastures, Be-side the wa-ters still,
Be-hold, the Shep-herd lead-eth His lit-tle flock at will;
And gent-ly, gent-ly guid-ing, The way His sheep must go,
Still onward to the fount-ain Where liv-ing wa-ters flow. A-men.

2. The stranger's voice they heed not,
When he seeks their ear to win;
And never can a robber
To the sheepfold enter in:
No hireling is the Shepherd,
For He His watch will keep;
'Tis He alone Who giveth
His own life for His sheep.

3. And all His own He knoweth,
He calleth them to come;
O'er distant hills they hear Him,
And so He draws them home.

4. And other sheep He owneth,
From Him that wander far;
He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth
Where all His loved ones are:
The blessed day is dawning,
That day by Him foretold,
When they shall own one Shepherd,
Safe sheltered in one fold. Amen.

Tho' the way be set with briars,
Tho' the narrow path be steep,
They know His word of warning,
And the Shepherd knows His sheep.

4 And other sheep He owneth,
From Him that wander far;
He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth
Where all His loved ones are:
The blessed day is dawning,
That day by Him foretold,
When they shall own one Shepherd,
Safe sheltered in one fold. Amen.

ANNA SHIPTON.

15 Do you know what makes us happy?

AMICI.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know what makes us happy, When so man - y hearts are sad?

We are lit - tle friends of Je - sus, That is why we are so glad.

REFRAIN.

We are lit - tle friends, we are lov - ing friends, We are hap - py, hap - py

lit - tle friends of Je - sus; We are hap - py all day long.

Copyright, 1885, by John J. Hood.

2 Jesus loves the children dearly,—

In His Word He tells them so;

Once He took them up and blessed them,

Many, many years ago.

3 We are little lambs of Jesus:

He, our Shepherd kind and dear,

Speaks, and tho' we do not see Him,

In our hearts His voice we hear.

J. MARTIN.

MELITA.

J. B. DYKES.



1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,



Who bid'st the mighty o-cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep, O



hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea! A-men.



2 O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walk'dst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Holy Spirt, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

W. WHITING, alt.

FLOWERS.

CLARE CHAPMAN.



Ev - 'ry lit - tle flower that grows, Ev - 'ry lit - tle



grass - y blade, Ev - 'ry lit - tle dew - drop knows,



Je - sus cares for all He made, Je - sus loves and



Je - sus knows. So we need not be a - fraid.



Copyright, 1910, by The H. W. Gray Co.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

LORELEY.

FERD. SILCHER.



1. Far out on the des-o-late bil-low, The sai-lor sails the sea,



Alone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan-gers be.



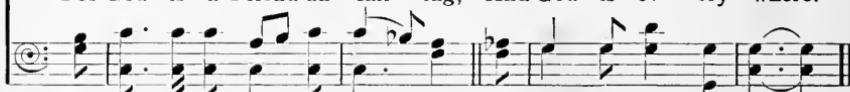
REFRAIN.



Yet, nev-er a-lone is the Chris-tian, Who lives by faith and prayer;



For God is a Friend un-fail-ing, And God is ev-ery-where.



2 Far down in the earth's dark bosom,
The miner mines the ore;
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before.

3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,
No friend, when he lies a dying
His eyes to kiss and close.

4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe;
Or fight in its terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.



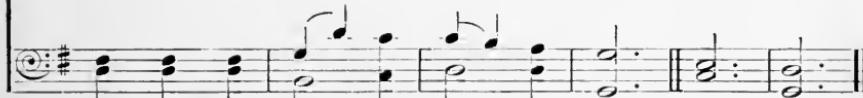
1. Fight the good fight With all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and



Christ thy right. Lay hold on life, and it shall be



Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.



2 Run the straight race

Through God's good grace,

Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;

Life with its way before us lies;

Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside;

Lean on thy Guide

His boundless mercy will provide;

Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove.

Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear;

His arms are near;

He changeth not, and thou art dear;

Only believe, and thou shalt see

That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

FLEURY.

From ROSSINI.

REF. 1. For thee, O dear, dear coun-try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep,

For ve - ry love be-hold - ing Thy hap-py name, they weep. A - men.

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

D. C. for Refrain.

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The LAMB is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever blest.
Amen. BERNARD OF CLUNY.

21 Glory to Thee, my God this night.

TALLIS'S CANON.

T. TALLIS.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings
of the light! Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Be -neath Thy own al - might - y wings. A - men.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen. BISHOP KEN.

WATERMOUTH.

R. JACKSON.

1. God who hath made the dai - sies, And ev - 'ry love - ly thing,
 He will ac - cept our prais - es, And hearken while we sing:
 He says, though we are sim - ple, Though ig - nor - ant we be,
 'Suffer the lit - tle child - ren, And let them come to Me.'

2 Though we are young and simple,
 In praise we may be bold ;
 The children in the temple
 He heard in days of old ;
 And if our hearts are humble
 He says to you and me,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
 Its way o'er earth and sky ;
 He hears the lark that singeth
 Up in the heaven so high ;

But sees the heart's low breathings
 And says, well pleased to see,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

4 Therefore we will come near Him,
 And joyfully we'll sing ;
 No cause to shrink or fear Him,
 We'll make our voices ring ;
 For in our temple speaking,
 He says to you and me,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.' Amen.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

NORTHFIELD.

CLARE CHAPMAN.

Copyright, 1910, by H. W. Gray Co.

2 God, Who made the grass,
 The flower, the fruit, the tree,
 The day and night to pass,
 Careth for me.

3 God, Who made the sun,
 The moon, the stars, is He
 Who, when life's clouds come on,
 Careth for me.

6 When in heaven's bright land
 I all His loved ones see,
 I'll sing with that blest band,
 'God cared for me.' Amen.

4 God, Who made all things,
 On earth, in air, in sea,
 Who changing seasons brings,
 Careth for me.

5 God, Who sent His Son
 To die on Calvary,
 He, if I lean on Him,
 Will care for me.

S. B. RHODES.

WATCHWORD.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Go forth, go forth for Je - sus now! Be work - ing! Be
Go forth!



watch - ing! The Lord Him - self will teach you how To
Go forth!



watch and pray; 'Tis not for thee thy field to choose,



No work He gives must thou re - fuse; Be work - ing! Be



Go forth for Jesus.

REPRAIN.

watch - ing ! Be pray - ing ! Go forth to work, to

watch and pray ! 'Tis Je - sus who calls thee; The
Go forth ! Go forth !

har - vest waits for thee to - day, Go bring some sheaves for God !

Copyright, 1901, by Powell G. Fithian.

2 Go forth, go forth to all the world !
O stay not ! Delay not !
But let love's banner be unfurl'd,
And grace be told ;
O let redeeming love be sung,
A song of joy on every tongue !
Be working ! Be watching !
Be praying !

3 Go forth, let heart and hands be strong !
Be working ! Be watching !
O stay the mighty pow'r of wrong
Where'er ye may !
Equipped with love and strength divine,
The victory is surely thine ;
Be working ! Be watching !
Be praying !

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

HERMAS.

F. R. HAVERGAL.



1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces ring,



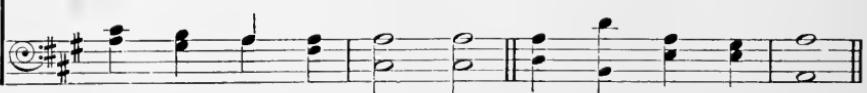
Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King.



Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,



Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.



Golden harps are sounding.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and 2/4 time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, and 2/4 time. The first section of the music is labeled 'REFRAIN.' and features a repetitive harmonic pattern. The lyrics 'All His work is end - ed; Joy - ful - ly we sing,' are set to this music. The second section of the music continues with a similar harmonic pattern, and the lyrics 'Je - sus hath as - cend - ed, Glo - ry to our King. A - men.' are set to it.

2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
Now is crown'd with glory,
 At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
 Is gone up on high.

3 Pleading for His children.
 In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

ASCENSION.

W. H. MONK.

2 There for Him high triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Still for us His death He pleads;
Still for us He intercedes.

5 Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. BEES.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav - iour,

hear His word; Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee:

'Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?' A - men.

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 'I delivered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right; Turned thy darkness into light. | 4 'Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death. |
| 3 'Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee. | 5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?' |
| 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love Thee, and adore; O for grace to love Thee more! Amen. W. COWPER. | |

MENDELSSOHN.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners recon-ciled! {Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, }
{Join the triumph of the skies; }

With th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

First two lines of Hymn are repeated
at the end of every verse.

Unison.

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King. A-men.

Org.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel !

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness ;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;
Stamp Thy image in its place ;
Ruined nature now restore,
Now display Thy saving power.
Amen. C. WESLEY.

SANCTUARY.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus cry-ing, 'Who will go and work to- day?'



Fields are white, and harvest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?



Loud and strong the Master call-eth, Rich re-ward He of-fers thee;



Who will ans-wer, gladly saying, 'Here am I; send me, send me'? A-men.



2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,

With your pray'r's and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do,'
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
'Here am I; send me, send me.'

Amen. D. MARCH.

HARVEST.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.

REPRAIN.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je-sus.

2 Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind,
 Help Him the little lambs to find?
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
 Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?

3 Out in the desert hear their cry;
 Out on the mountain wild and high,
 Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee,
 "Go find my lambs where'er they be."

ALEXENAH THOMAS.

31 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

NICAEA.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - migh - ty !

2. Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;

3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and migh - ty,

4. God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty ! A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity ! Amen. R. HEBER.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

O. M. FEILDEN.

1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, hear us;
Help us while we sing;
Breathe in - to the mu - sic
Of the praise we bring.
A - men.

2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit, brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

6 Holy Spirit, keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

7 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily, by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.
Amen. W. H. PARKER.

CLOVER.

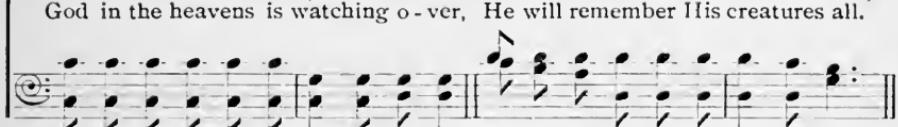
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Hum, lit-tle bee, in the nodding clover, Swing, little bird, in the tree-top tall,



God in the heavens is watching o-ver, He will remember His creatures all.



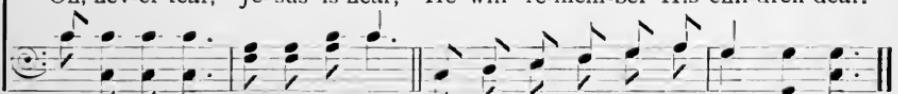
REFRAIN.



Oh, nev-er fear, Je-sus is near, He will re-mem-ber His chil-dren dear;



Oh, nev-er fear, Je-sus is near, He will re-mem-ber His chil-dren dear.



Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood.

2 Bloom, little flower, in the valley vernal,
Flow, little brook, to the deep wide sea,
Held in the hand of the Great Eternal,
Kept by the love that is full and free.

3 Trust, little heart, for the Lord is near you,
Sing, little voice, make His glories known;
Speak, little tongue, for the King will hear you,
He will remember and guard His own. IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

SAMUEL.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. Hushed was the even - ing hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark: The



lamp was burning dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud-den-ly a



Voice di - vine Rang through the si-lence of the shrine. A - men.



2 The old man, meek and mild

The priest of Israel, slept;

His watch the temple-child,

The little Levite, kept;

And what from Eli's sense was sealed,

The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

4 O ! give me Samuel's heart,

A lowly heart, that waits

Where in Thy House Thou art,

Or watches at Thy gates

By day and night; a heart that still

Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

3 O ! give me Samuel's ear,

The open ear, O Lord,

Alive and quick to hear

Each whisper of Thy word ;

Like him to answer at Thy call,

And to obey Thee first of all.

5 O ! give me Samuel's mind,

A sweet unmurmuring faith,

Obedient and resigned

To Thee in life and death ;

That I may read with childlike eyes

Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Amen.

Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

Joy.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that

REFRAIN.

Book He has giv'n, Je-sus loves me, I am so glad that Je-sus loves me,

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, I am so glad that

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me....

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by permission.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

P. P. BLISS.

36 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

BULLINGER.

E. W. BULLINGER.

I. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee, — Trusting Thee for
full salvation, Great and free. Amen.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon: 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
At Thy feet I bow, Thou alone shalt lead,
For Thy grace and tender mercy Every day and hour supplying
Trusting now. All my need.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing 5 I am trusting Thee for power:
In the crimson flood, Thine can never fail;
Trusting Thee to make me holy Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me.
By Thy blood. Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

INNOCENTS.

ENGLISH MELODY.



1. If I come to Je-sus, He will make me glad;



He will give me pleas-ure When my heart is sad.



REFRAIN.



If I come to Je-sus, Hap-py I shall be;



He is gent-ly call-ing Lit-tle ones like me. A-men.



2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly;
He my sins did bear.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand;
He will gently lead me
To a better land.

4 There, with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright. Amen.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

WILLIAMSBURG.

CLARE CHAPMAN.

I have sinned, I need a Saviour, Well I know my guilt-y heart,

REFRAIN.

But there's One can save, O there's One shall save His peo - ple from their sins,

And His precious Name, Evermore the same, Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.

2 God Jehovah looked from heaven,
 Looked, and saw my want and woe,
 Knew I needed a Redeemer,
 One whose blood for me might flow.

3 Long before the world's foundation
 God in love had given His Son
 Sacrifice for our salvation,
 Lamb of God, redeeming One. Amen. E. E. McC.

MOSCOW.

J. B. CALKIN.

I. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains White

in His Blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re-mains. A - men.

2 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline :
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child :
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.
Amen. Rev. H. BONAR.

YELVERTON.

CLAIRE CHAPMAN.



1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stran - ger



here; Though this world is pleasant,



Sin is al - ways near. A - men.



Copyright, 1910, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 Mine's a better country,

Where there is no sin,

Where the tones of sorrow

Never enter in.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me;

Teach me to obey;

Holy Spirit, guide me

On my heavenly way.

3 But a little pilgrim

Must have garments clean

If he'd wear the white robes,

And with Christ be seen.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,

And a stranger here,

But my home in heaven

Cometh ever near. Amen.

J. CURWEN.

EASTERN LANDS.

G. W. MARTIN.

1. In East-ern lands a sto - ry runs, A sto - ry won-drous sweet;
 How lit - tle chil-dren brought their palms, To lay at Je - sus' feet;
 While still their song Was borne a - long Up - on the breez-es low;
 The song the East - ern chil - dren sang So man-y years a - go.

Copyright, 1885, by The Brooklyn S. S. Union.

2 To-day, the happy children come
 To welcome in, again,
 And strew with flow'rs the path of Him,
 Who rode on Judah's plain;
 And earth and sky,
 In glad reply,
 Re-echo as they go.
 The song the Eastern children sang
 So many years ago.

3 The fleecy clouds, like banners white
 Upon a field of blue,
 Seem moving 'mid an unseen host,
 God's loving ones and true.
 While from above,
 The song of love,
 Re-echoes here below:
 The chorus which the children sang
 So many years ago.

4 Lift high the song of loving praise,
 While earth and heaven combine
 To welcome in, as years ago,
 The Prince of David's line;
 And once again
 We swell the strain,
 The sweetest earth can know,
 The song the Eastern children sang
 So many years ago.

EDWIN H. SHANNON.

42 In the field with their flocks abiding.

IN THE FIELD.

J. FARMER.

1. In the field with their flocks a - -
 2. 'To you in the ci - ty of
 3. And the shep - herds came to the

bid - ing. They lay on the dew - y ground, And
 Da - vid A Sav - iour is born to - day.' And
 man - ger, And gaz'd on the Ho - ly Child; And

In the field with their flocks abiding.



glim-mer-ing un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a-round, When the
sud - den a host of the heav'ly ones Flash'd forth to join the lay. O
calm - ly o'er that rude era - dle The vir - gin moth-er smil'd; And the



light of the Lord stream'd o'er them, And lo! from the hea - ven a -
nev - er hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrill'd home to the souls of
sky in the star - lit si - lence, Seem'd full of the an - gel



bove An an - gel lean'd from the glo - ry, And
men, And the heav'ns them-selves had nev - er heard A
lay: 'To you in the ci - ty of Da - - vid A



In the field with their flocks abiding.

rit.

sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet
glad - der choir till then: For they sang that Christ - mas
Sav - iour is born to - day.' On they sang — and I ween that

rit.

Christ - mas, The song that shall nev - er cease,--
ca - - rol, That nev - er on earth shall cease,--
nev - er The ca - rol on earth shall cease,--

'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace !'

'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace !'

'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace !' A - men.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. I need not go to In - di - a, To Chi - na or Ja - pan;
 To work for Je - sus here at home I'll do the best I can;
 I'll tell of His great love for me, And how I love Him too,
 And bet - ter far, I'll show my love In all that I may do.

Copyright, 1897, by The John Church Co. Used by permission.

2 The little water-drops come down
 To make the flowers grow;
 The little rivulets flow on
 To bless where'er they go;
 The little seeds make mighty trees,
 To cool us with their shade,
 If little things like these do good,
 To try I'm not afraid.

3 I'll be a Missionary now,
 And work the best I may,
 For if I want to work for God,
 There surely is a way;
 I'll pray for those who cross the sea,
 My offering, too, I'll send,
 And do all that is in my power,
 This great, bad world, to mend.

J. R. M.

44 I sing the almighty power of God.

MIRFIELD.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

1. I sing th' al - might - y power of God, That
 made the moun - tains rise, That spread the flow - ing
 seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies. A - men.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at His command,
 And all the stars obey.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
 But makes Thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise and tempests blow
 By order from Thy throne.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That filled the earth with food ;
 He formed the creatures with His word,
 And then pronounced them good.

5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
 Are subject to Thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee
 But God is present there.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
 He guides me with His eye ;
 Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
 Whose love is ever nigh ? Amen.

I. WATTS.

CAROL.

R. STORKS WILLIS.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the heavenward way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When, with the ever circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King.
And all the world send back the song
Which now the angels sing! Amen.

CONSTANCE.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

2

I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own Self He gave me.
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver:
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all.
 Are His, and His for ever.

3

I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend!
 So kind, and true, and tender,
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender.
 From Him, who loves me now so well,
 What pow'r my soul can sever?
 Shall life?-or death?-or earth?-or hell?
 No! I am His for ever! Amen.

Rev. J. G. SMALL.

MATERNA.

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS WARD.

2
 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;
 Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

3
 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for Thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I Thy joys shall see. Amen.
 F. B. P., tr. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BABCOCK.

Rev. MALTBY D. BABCOCK.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en ! With

milk and hon - ey blest; Be-neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink

heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not,

By permission.

Jerusalem the Golden.

What joys a - wait me there; What ra-dian - ey of glo - ry,

What bliss be-yond com-pare!

2. They A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng,
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
 And there from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

EWING.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en ! With milk and hon - ey blest ;

Be -neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait me there ;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be -yond compare ! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song.
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng,
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David ;
And there from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
 man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels
 praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days? A - men.

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star :
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save,

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And oh, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me. Amen. J. J. GRIGG.

GALILEE

W. H. JUDE.



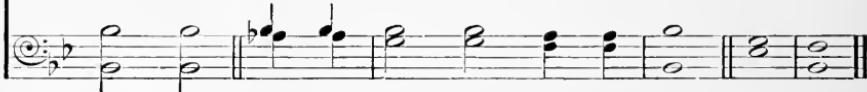
1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our



life's wild, rest - less sea; Day by day His sweet voice



sound - eth, Say - ing, Chris - tian, fol - low me! A - men.



2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
 Of the vain world's golden store;
 From each idol that would keep us,—
 Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures—
 Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all! Amen.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

MONKLAND.

J. B. WILKES.

1. Je - sus, can a child like me Thine own liv - ing

tem - ple be? Yes, Thy Spi - rit, day by day,

To my heart will come and stay. A - men.

2 Hasty tempers, thoughts of sin
 These things must not enter in;
 For a temple is a place
 Built for constant prayer and praise.

3 Help me, Lord, for I am weak;
 Make me hear when Thou dost speak,
 Then my heart will ever be
 A fit dwelling place for Thee.

4 Cleanse my heart from every sin,
 Make me beautiful within;
 Then shall those about me see
 That the Saviour dwells in me. Amen.

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Who did once up - on the cross Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Suf - fer to re-deem our loss. Hal - - - le - lu - jah! A-men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

3 But the pain which He endured
Hallelujah!
Our salvation hath procured ;
Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah!
Amen.

FROM THE LATIN OF XV. CENTURY.

LITANY.

FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY.

1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the

bright blue sky, Look on us with lov - ing eye:

Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - men.

2 Little hearts may love Thee well,
 Little lips Thy love may tell,
 Little hymns Thy praises swell:
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Jesus, once an infant small,
 Cradled in the oxen's stall,
 Though the God and Lord of all:
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Be Thou with us every day,
 In our work and in our play,
 When we learn, and when we pray:
 Hear us, Holy Jesus. Amen.

4 Once a child so good and fair,
 Feeling want, and toil, and care,
 All that we may have to bear:
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
 And it is Thy holy will
 That we should be safe from ill:
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK.

NORTH COATES.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listen - ing
ear; When we bow be - fore Thee,
Chil - dren's prais - es hear. A - men.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come.'

Amen. ANON.

MORNING.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



1. Je-sus, keep me all this day,..... When at school and when at play,



When I work and when I rest ;..... Bless me and I shall be blest.



REFRAIN.



May I serve Thee here be - low,..... Serve Thee when to Heav'n I go,...



Serve and love and trust in Thee Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.



Copyright, 1909, by May Whittle Moody.

2 Keep my body free from pain,
 Keep my soul from sinful stain,
 Bread supply for daily need,
 Help me on Thy truth to feed.

3 May I do all things I ought,
 May I hate each evil thought,
 Let no false or angry word,
 From my lips this day be heard. Amen.

NEWMAN HALL.

SALEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;



Lit - tle ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.



REFRAIN.



Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!



Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.



2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love Him, when I die,
He will take me home on high.

ANNA B. WARNER.

REQUEST.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Unless Thou help me I must die:

Oh, bring Thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

And take me as I am, And take me as I am:

My on-ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
 But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
 And take me as I am.

3 No preparation can I make,
 My best resolves I only break,
 Yet save me for Thine own Name's sake,
 And take me as I am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

OFFERING.

CLAIRE CHAPMAN.



1. Je - sus sat be - side the trea-sury, Saw the mon - ey



as it came, Knew the hearts that loved to bring it,



For the sake of His dear name. Amen.



Copyright, 1910, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 Jesus, bless the gifts we bring Thee,
 Give them something sweet to do,
 May they help some one to love Thee,
 Jesus, may we love Thee too. Amen.

DUKE STREET.

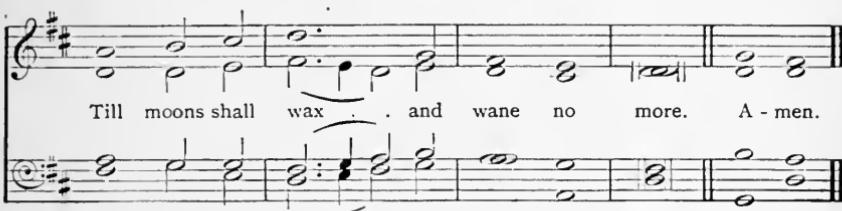
J. HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive



jour - neys run; His king-dom stretch from shcre to . . shore,



Till moons shall wax . and wane no more. A - men.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

1. WATTS.

LUX PRIMA.

G. A. MACFARREN.



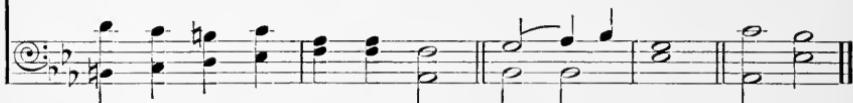
1. Je-sus, Sun of Right-eousness, Bright-est Beam of love Di-vine,



With the ear-ly morn-ing rays Do Thou on our dark-ness shine



And dis-pel with pur-est light All our night. A-men.



2 As on drooping herb and flower . . .
 Falls the soft refreshing dew,
 Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
 All our weary souls renew,
 Showers of blessing over all
 Softly fall.

4 O our only Hope and Guide,
 Never leave us nor forsake ;
 Keep us ever at Thy side
 Till the eternal morning break,
 Moving on to Zion's hill,
 Homeward still !

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
 May Thy love, with tender glow,
 All our coldness melt away,
 Warm and cheer us forth to go,
 Gladly serve Thee and obey
 All the day.

5 Lead us all our days and years
 In Thy straight and narrow way ;
 Lead us through the vale of tears
 To the land of perfect day,
 Where Thy people, fully blest,
 Safely rest. Amen.

von ROSENROTH, tr. J. L. BORTHWICK.

BROCKLESBURY.

C. A. BARNARD.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle
 lamb to - night. Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - men

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
 Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well:
 Take us all at last to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

M. DUNCAN

RICKMANSWORTH.

W. F. HURNDALL.



1. Je - sus, the chil - dren are call - - ing;



(Slurs for v. 3.)



O draw near..... Fold the young lambs in Thy



bo - som, Shep - herd dear..... A - men.



2 Slow are our footsteps and failing;

Oft we fall:

Jesus, the children are calling;

Hear their call.

3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow;

Large is Thine,

Faithful and strong and tender:

So be mine.

4 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—

Three in One—

Bountiful God of our fathers,

Praise be done! Amen.

A. MATHESON.

SCHLOSSBERG.

CLAIRE CHAPMAN.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky And for sin - ners

came to die, In His mer - cy passed not by

Lit - tle ones like me. A - men.

Copyright, 1910, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

5 Children, then, should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him, and praise Him too—
Little ones like me. Amen.

M. RUMSEY.

WOODWORTH.

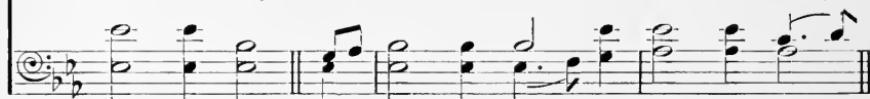
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was



shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,



O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A - men.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come! Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

66 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.

ST. LEONARD.

H. HILES, Mus. D.



1. Lord, lead the way the Saviour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,



And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor:



Like Him, thro' scenes of deep distress, Who bore the world's sad weight, We,



in their crowded lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late. A - men.



2 For Thou hast placed us side by side
 In this wide world of ill,
 And, that Thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
 Mean are all offerings we can make,
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward. Amen.

Rev. W. CROSWELL.

1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The
 stars are spark - ling bright; The bells of the ci - ty of
 God ring out, For the Son of Ma-ry was born to-night; The
 gloom is past, and the morn at last Is coming with o - rent light.

4 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
 They gleamed on this wonderful night;
 The bells of the city of God peal out,
 And the Angels' song still rings in the height;
 And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
 Hid in Flesh from fleshy sight.

5 Faith sees no longer the stable-floor,
 The pavement of sapphire is there,
 The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world:
 And Angels of God are crowding the air;
 And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
 Are at peace on this night so fair.

Like silver lamps.

FOR VERSES 2, 3.

2. Ne-ver fell me-lo-dies half so sweet As those which are filling the
skies; And nev-er a pa-lace shone half so fair As the
man-ger bed where our Sa-viour lies; No night in the year is
half so dear As this which has end - ed our sighs.

3 Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of Hell:
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness quell;
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

68 Lord of glory, who hast bought us.

CHARITAS.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lord of glo - ry, who hast bought us With Thy life-blood as the price,
 Nev - er grudg-ing for the lost ones That tre-men-dous sac - ri - fice,
 And with that hast free - ly giv - en Blessings count-less as the sand,
 To th'unthankful and the e - vil With Thine own unsparing hand. A-men.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
 Gladly, freely of Thine own;
 With the sunshine of Thy goodness
 Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
 Till our cold and selfish natures,
 Warmed by Thee, at length believe
 That more happy and more blessed
 'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
 To our humblest charity,
 In Thine own mysterious sentence,
 "Ye have done it unto Me."

Can it be, O gracious Master,
 Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
 Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
 "Give as I have given to you?"

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
 With Thy life-blood as the price
 Never grudging for the lost ones
 That tremendous sacrifice,
 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
 Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
 But oh ! best of all Thy graces,
 Give us Thine own charity. Amen.

E. S. ALDERSON.

RAVENSHAW.

GERMAN.



1. Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps



guid - eth; Who its truth be - liev - eth



Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A - men.



2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

W. STEFFE.



i. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;



He is trampling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored;



He hath loosed the fateful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword,



REFRAIN.

His truth is march-ing on. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal-le - lu - jah!



Mine eyes have seen the glory.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first line of lyrics is: "Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le -". The second line of lyrics is: "lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on." The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a prominent bass line in the bottom staff.

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

BUCKLAND.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE.

1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lamb, in

safe - ty keep; Noth - ing can Thy power with - stand,

None can pluck me from Thy Hand. A - men.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the Hands outstretch'd to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 I would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessed ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before my Father's throne
I shall know as I am known.

Amen.

SWENEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show,
 More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me!

REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
 More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me!

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweny. Used by per. of Mrs. Jno. R. Sweny.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,
 More of His holy will discern;
 Spirit of God, my Teacher be,
 Showing the things of Christ to me !

3 More about Jesus in His Word,
 Holding communion with my Lord,
 Hearing His voice in every line.
 Making each faithful saying mine !

4 More about Jesus on His throne,
 Riches in glory all His own;
 More of His kingdom's sure increase,
 More of His coming, Prince of Peace !

E. E. HEWITT.

AMERICA.

HENRY CAREY.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

S. F. SMITH.

1 God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night ;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On Him we wait ;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.
C. T. BROOKS and J. S. DWIGHT.

WENTWORTH.

MAKER.

1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright,
 So full of splendour and of joy, Beau - ty and light; So
 ma - ny glo-ri-ous things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
 Joy to abound,
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us round
 That in the darkest spot of earth
 Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
 Is touched with pain,
 That shadows fall on brightest hours,
 That thorns remain;
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

4 For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how
 Our weak heart clings, [soon
 Has given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
 The best in store: [kept
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more,—
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek.
 A perfect rest,
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast. Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

76 My Heavenly Father gives to me.

DONA.

CLAIRE CHAPMAN.

1. My Heavenly Fa - ther gives to me A gift of love so full and free That I must sing a song to - day, A song of praise the best I may. A - men.

Copyright, 1910, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 And is there any gift which I
Can bring to Him, so great and high?
A loving heart, an earnest prayer,
My pennies, saved with faithful care.

3 These gifts I know that He will take
If given for my Saviour's sake;
So now I bring them, Lord, to Thee,
O may they to Thy glory be! Amen.

E. E. McC.

IRENE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. No one like Je-sus can make my heart clean ; No one like Je-sus can
 keep me from sin. The Lamb that was slain on Cal - va - ry's cross,
 He is my gain, I'll suf - fer no loss. Je - sus, my Sav - iour,
 True to the end, "Oh, I love Je-sus, For He is my friend."

Copyright, 1901, by May Whittle Moody.

2 No one like Jesus, in glory or shame ;
 No one like Jesus, in trials the same.
 Compassionate love ! O mortal, so blest,
 No one like Jesus can give thee sweet rest.

3 No one like Jesus, in darkness or light ;
 No one like Jesus, in weakness or might.
 His Spirit can teach me to be kind and true,
 For if we love Jesus we'll love our friends too.

4 No one like Jesus, and soon He may come,
 Bringing our loved ones to take us all Home.
 No power on earth or in Heaven can show,
 How much He loves us, or the joy we shall know.

78 No room, alas, for a Saviour here.

CHRISTCHILD.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. No room, a - las, for a Sav - iour here, When the lit - tle Christ-child came!
 No smile of love and no ten - der tear, When the lit - tle Christ-child came.
 No throne with its royal sceptre bright; No crown for the Lord of Life and Light,
 Ah, the world's cold heart was dark as night When the little Christ-child came!

Copyright, 1909, by May Whittle Moody.

2 A mocking crowd on a hillside stood,
 When the Christ went Home again.
 They nailed Him there to a cross of wood,
 When the Christ went Home again.
 Was there ever a day like this below?
 Was there ever another treated so?
 Was there ever a love like His? Ah, no!
 When the Christ went Home again!

3 A thrilling cry thro' the glad world rings,
 When the Christ returns to reign!
 The Lamb once slain is the King of Kings,
 When the Christ returns to reign.
 He comes in His might to earth once more,
 While the kneeling throngs His Name adore,
 And His worship spreads from shore to shore,
 When the Christ returns to reign!

EUDOXIA.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing
nigh, Shad - ows of the even - ing
Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men ;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

5 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

J. M. NEALE.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem, How still we see thee lie!

A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er - last-ing Light; The

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A-men.

This hymn Copyright, 1891, by E. P. Dutton & Co. Used by permission.

2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him
The dear Christ enters in. [still,

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child;
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,—
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

5 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

82 **○ Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.**

ALMSGIVING

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;
 How shall we show our love . . . to Thee, Who giv - est all? A - men.

- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Who givest all!
- 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Who givest all!
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that blessed One
 Thou givest all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 O Lord, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all?
- 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.
- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
 Repaid a thousandfold will be;
 Then gladly will we give to Thee,
 Who givest all;
- 9 To Thee from Whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
 Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
 Who givest all! Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

IRBY.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Once in royal David's ci - ty
Stood a low - ly cat - the shed,
Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed;
Ma - ry was that mo-ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child. A-men.

2.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

6.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

4.

For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew:
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

BETHLEHEM.

JOHN HENRY MAUNDER.



1. Once in Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, Far a -



way a - cross the sea, There was laid a lit - tle Ba - by,



REFRAIN.



On a Vir - gin Moth - er's knee. O Sav - iour, gen - tle



Once in Bethlehem of Judah.

2 It was not a stately palace
Where that little Baby lay,
With His servants to attend Him,
And with guards to keep the way.

3 But the oxen stood around Him
In a stable low and dim,
In the world He had created,
There was not a room for Him.

4 For He left His Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature,
In the greatness of His love.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

NATIONAL HYMN.

J. S. SMITH.



i. O say can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we



hailed in the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gal-lant-ly streaming?



And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the



○ say can you see.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first section of lyrics is: "night that our flag was still there; O... say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

2 On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner—O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

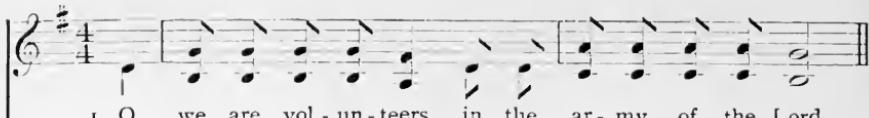
3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of death or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4 O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

VOLUNTEERS.

GEO. F. ROOT.



I. O, we are vol - un - teers in the ar - my of the Lord,



Form-ing in - to line at our Cap - tain's word; We are



uu - der march - ing or - ders to take the bat - tle - field,



And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.



REFRAIN.



Come and join the ar - my, the ar - my of the Lord,



O, we are volunteers.



Je - sus is our Cap - tain, we ral - ly at His word;



Sharp will be the con - flict with the pow'rs of sin,



But with such a Lead - er, we are sure to win.



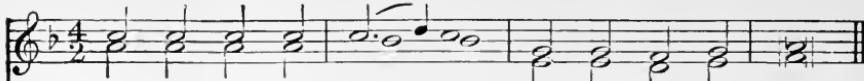
2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain,
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.

3 O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious is the kingdom of Christ, the Lord;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

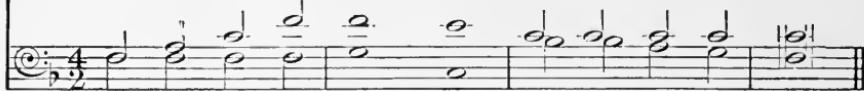
GEO. F. ROOT.

ST. GERTRUDE.

A. SULLIVAN.



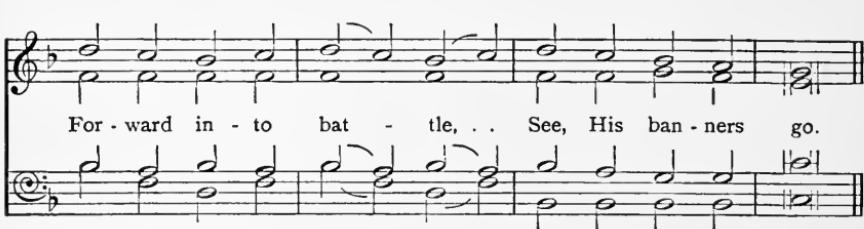
1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,



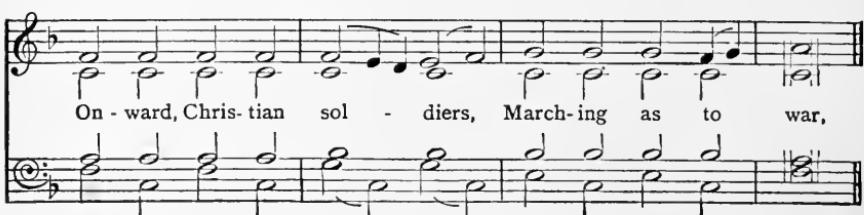
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!



Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;



For - ward in - to bat - tle, . . . See, His ban - ners go.



On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

Onward, Christian soldiers.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity,
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before! Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

GOUNOD.

C. GOUNOD.



1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;



His is love be - yond a broth-er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end;



They who once His kindness prove Find it ev - er - lasting love. A-men.



2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed ;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

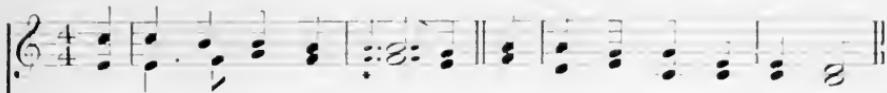
3 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus ;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above ;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

GRACE.

FROM CHILDREN'S HYMNAL.



1. O what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heav - en?



The lit - tle hands some work may try, To help the poor in mis - er - y:



Such grace to mine be giv - en. Such grace to mine be given. A-men.



* Small notes for v. 5.

2 O what can little lips do

To please the King of heaven?

The little lips can praise and pray,

And gentle words of kindness say:

Such grace to mine be given.

3 O what can little eyes do

To please the King of heaven?

The little eyes can upward look,

And learn to read God's holy book:

Such grace to mine be given.

4 O what can little hearts do

To please the King of heaven?

Young hearts, if God His Spirit send,

Can love and trust their Saviour Friend:

Such grace to mine be given.

5 Though small is all that we can do

To please the King of heaven,

When hearts and hands and lips unite

To serve the Saviour with delight,

They are most precious in His sight:

Amen. ANON.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
 Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find;
 Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,
 Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A - men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
 In the hours of pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain ;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To His will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light —

Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on ;
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

Amen.

91 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.

BENEDICTION.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Saviour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
 part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease,
 Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

CONSECRATION.

R. LOWRY.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee :
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee !
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee. Amen.

S. D. PHELPS.

FERRIER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Sav - iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son
 to o - bey; Sweet - er les - son can - not be,
 Lov - ing Him Who first loved me. A - men.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
 At Thy bidding may I move;
 Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
 Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace;
 Learning how to love from Thee;
 Loving Him Who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
 In obedience all her joy;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe;
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of His love Who first loved me.

Amen.

J. E. LEESON.

1 Jesus Christ, to Thee I pray,
 Cleanse my heart from sin to-day,
 Make me Thine own child to be
 Now and for eternity.

2 Let Thy Holy Spirit come,
 Make within my heart his home;
 Teach me what to do and say,
 How to love Thee more each day.

E. G. McC.

STILLE NACHT.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm,
 2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake
 3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God,
 all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child.
 at the sight, Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far,
 love's pure light Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face,
 Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
 Heav - en - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia ; Christ, the Sav - iour, is
 With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy
 peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace!
 born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
 birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

WORDS OF LIFE.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life,
 Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify forever.
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how he died for you,
Oft - en re-pea-t the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, glad and true !

Refrain.

Speak just a word, Ev - er to Him be true;
Speak just a word, just a word for Je-sus,

Speak just a word, Tell what He's doing for you!
Speak just a word, just a word for Je-sus,

Copyright, 1903, by Daniel B. Towner.

2 Speak just a word for Jesus,
Tell how He helps you live,
Tell of the strength and comfort
Which He will freely give !

3 Speak just a word for Jesus,—
Do not for others wait;
Gladly proclaim the message
Ere it shall be too late !

4 Speak just a word for Jesus,—
Why should you doubt or fear?
Surely His love will bless it;
Some one will gladly hear.

5 Speak just a word for Jesus,
Tell of His love for men !
Some one distressed may listen,
Willing to trust Him then.

KATHERINE O. BARKER.

HURSLEY.

P. RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not
 night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud a -
 - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My weary eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,



Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love,



Tell me the Sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,



For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed.



Tell me the Old, Old Story.

REPRAIN.

Copyright property of The Biglow & Main Co.

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the Story softly
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

KATE HANKEY.

100 Ten thousand times ten thousand.

ALFORD.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light :

'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin : .

Fling o - pen wide the gold - engates, And let the vic - tors in. A-men.

2 What rush of alleluias

Fills all the earth and sky!

What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

O day, for which creation

And all its tribes were made!

O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings

On Canaan's happy shore!

What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!Thine exiles long for home: [sign!
Show in the heavens Thy promised
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Amen

PLYMOUTH.

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert
 gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3 Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim
 woods rang
 To the anthem of the free:
 The ocean eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's
 foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest
 roared,—
 This was their welcome home.

4 What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels from the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod;
 They have left unstained what there
 they found,
 Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

102 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended.

ST. CLEMENT.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed; The dark - ness falls at
 Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing hymns as - cend - ed,
 Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest. A - men.

2 We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
 While earth rolls onward into light,
 Through all the world her watch is keeping,
 And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
 The dawn leads on another day,
 The voice of prayer is never silent,
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
 But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

HARVEST.

JOHN ADCOCK.



1. The fields are all white, And the reap - ers are few;



We chil - dren are will - ing, But what can we do



To work for our Lord in His har - vest? A - men.



2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials:
The least little thing
To work for the Lord in His harvest,—

4 Until, by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest. Amen.

BOOK OF PRAISE FOR CHILDREN.

104 The King of love my Shepherd is.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

J. B. DYKES.



1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose

good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if

I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er. A - men.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

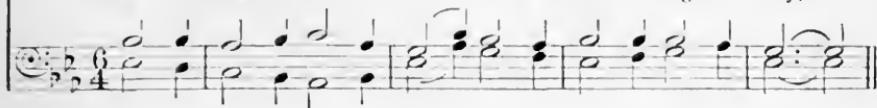
105 . There's a friend for little children.

IN MEMORIAM.

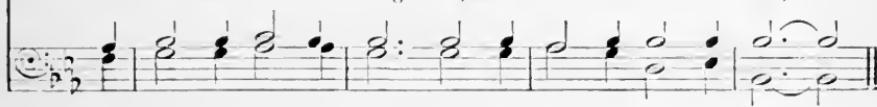
J. STAINER



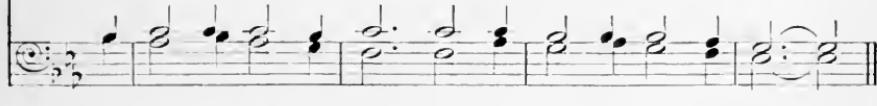
1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, . . .



A friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die; . . .



Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years, . . .



This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears. A - men.



2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

106 There came a little Child to earth.

HOLY CHILD.

CLAIRE CHAPMAN.

1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go, And the

an-gels of God proclaim'd His birth High and low. A - men.

Copyright, 1910, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 Out in the night, so calm and still
 Their song was heard,
 For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
 Was Christ the Lord.

3 They sang how the Lord of the world so fair
 A Child was born,
 And that we might a crown of glory wear,
 Wore a crown of thorn.

4 In mortal weakness, in want or pain,
 He came to die,
 That the children of earth might forever reign
 With Him on high. Amen.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

CALvary,

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

6 8

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

REFRAIN.

Oh ! dear- ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too ;

And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do. A - men.

Copyright, 1906, by George C. Stebbins. Renewal.

2 We may not know, we canot tell
What pains He had to bear ;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in. Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

HAPPY LAND.

Voices in Unison.

W. H. JUDE, arr.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall dwell with Thee
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye. Amen.

ANDREW YOUNG.

STELLA.

FRED. SCHILLING.

2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night,
 We saw the glory of thy new light,
 Telling to us, in our distant home,
 The Lord, our Redeemer, to earth had come!

3 We have gold for tribute and gifts for prayer,
 Incense and myrrh, and spices rare:
 All that we have we hither bring,
 To lay it with joy at the feet of the King.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

BRIXTON.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!



D. S.-There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one |

REFRAIN.



D.S.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;



Used by permission of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

2 There's not an hour that He is not near us.

No, not one! no, not one!

No night so dark but His love can cheer us,

No, not one! no, not one!

3 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?

No, not one! no, not one!

Or sinner find that He would not take him?

No, not one! no, not one!

4 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?

No, not one! no, not one!

Will He refuse us a home in heaven?

No, not one! no, not one!

JOHNSON OATMAN.

ALL SAINTS.

H. S. CUTLER.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

ST. BEATRICE.

J. F. BRIDGE.



i. The sower went forth sowing, The seed in secret slept



Through weeks of faith and patience, Till out the green blade crept;



And warm'd by gold-en sun-shine And fed by sil-ver rain,



At last the fields were whit-en'd To har-vest once a-gain.



The Sower went forth sowing.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

Oh, praise the heavenly Sow - er Who gave the fruit - ful seed,

And watch'd and water'd du - ly, And rip-en'd for our need. A - men.

2 Behold ! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed ;
Here in His church 'tis scatter'd,
Our spirits are the soil ;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
Oh, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain ;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise ;

Yea even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
Oh summer land of harvest,
Oh fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light !

4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own ;
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away. Amen.

W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

113 The wise may bring their learning.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

E. J. HOPKINS.



1. The wise may bring their learn-ing, The rich may bring their wealth,



And some may bring their great-ness, And some bring strength and health ;



We, too, would bring our treas-ures To of - fer to the King;



We have no wealth or learn-ing: What shall we children bring? A - men.



2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways:
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day ;
 We'll try our best to please Him,
 At home, at school, at play :
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King
 Than richest gifts without them ;
 Yet these a child may bring.
 Amen. ANON.

GOOD SHEPHERD.

JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need,
 Thy lit - tle lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still;
 In the green past - ures low, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow,
 Safe by Thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill. A - men.

2. Or if my way lie
 Where death o'er-hanging nigh,
 My soul would terrify
 With sudden chill,—
 Yet I am not afraid;
 Whilst softly on my head
 Thy tender hand is laid,
 I fear no ill. Amen.

M. ELSIE THALHEIMER.

VENITE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou

cam - est to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home there was

found no room, For Thy Ho - ly Na-tiv - i - ty. Oh,

Thou didst leave Thy throne.

A musical score for a hymn. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The vocal part begins with a piano dynamic (pp) and a melodic line starting on G. The lyrics are: "come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee, O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, come! There is room in my heart for Thee." The piano part features harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The vocal line includes several melodic leaps and sustained notes. The piano part ends with a dynamic of *p*.

Copyright, 1909, by May Whittle Moody.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang
Proclaiming Thy royal decree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in greatest humility.

3 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary. EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

CAROL.

CHARLES VINCENT.

1. 'Tis the
2. Frost and
3. Once a -

birth-day of our Sav-iour, Let the earth with gladness ring. Al - le -
 cold and win-ter sun-shine, Hol-ly bright and yew and bay Swell the
 gain that an-gei message, From the heav -ens whispers "Peace"! In each

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is born, our glorious King! As of
 glo - ry of the sto - ry, Christ is born, is born to - day. When the
 dwell-ing ev - er tell - ing Of the love that shall not cease. Then a -

'Tis the birthday of our Saviour.



old the heav'ns grew brighter, For the Babe that helpless lay, So our
snow all pure and shin-ing Clothed the val-leys when He came, 'Twas an
wake, for night is o - ver, Earth no long - er lies for -lorn, For the



hearts from sorrow light-er, Would their grate-ful homage pay, Al - le -
em - blem of the whiteness That should hide our sin and shame! Fields and
an - gel host is sing - ing, Of the bless-ed Christmas morn, O, a -



lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is born to - day.
mountains giving glo-ry, To the greatness of His name.
wake,awake, and hear them, Al-le - lu - ia, Christ is born! Al - le - lu - ia.



117 Through the love of God our Saviour.

SOUTHGATE.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



1. Through the love of God our Saviour All will be well;



Free and changeless is His fa - vor, All, all is well.



Precious is the blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;



Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us; All must be well. A - men.



2 Though we pass through tribulation,

All will be well:

Ours is such a full salvation,

All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding;

Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;

Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;

All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;

All will be well;

Faith can sing through days of sorrow

'All, all is well.'

On our Father's love relying,

Jesus every need supplying,

Or in living or in dying,

All must be well. Amen.

118 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

A. SULLIVAN

1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of adoration, To Thee bring sacrifice of praise With shouts of exultation: Bright robes of gold the fields adorn, The hills with joy are ringing, The valleys stand so thick with corn That even they are singing. Amen.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary.

4 May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide forever; [broad,
Where golden fields spread fair and
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With our to day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

WALTHAM.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.



1. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward,



high and wide; The sun that lights its shin - ing folds,



The cross on which the Sav - iour died. A - men.



2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Amen.

ALSTONE.

CHRISTOPHER EDWARD WILLING.

1. We are but lit - tle chil-dren weak, Nor born in a - ny
 high es - tate; What can we do for Je - sus' sake,
 Who is so high and good and great? A - men.

2 O, day by day, each Christian child
 Has much to do, without, within;
 A death to die for Jesus' sake,
 A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
 The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
 When bitter words are on our tongues
 And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
 Then we may check the hasty word,
 Give gentle answers back again,
 And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
 Light in our dwellings we may make,
 Bid kind good humor brighten there,
 And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
 But has his little cross to take,
 His little work of love and praise
 That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

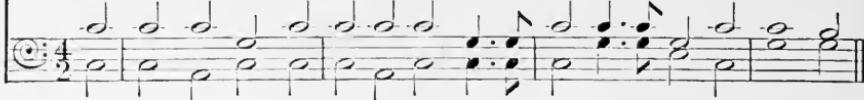
Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

TO VICTORY.

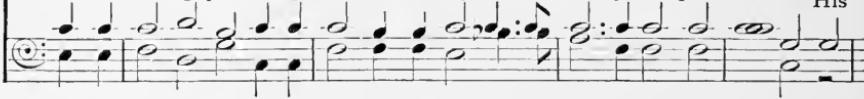
J. BARNBY.



1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,



With His lov-ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His



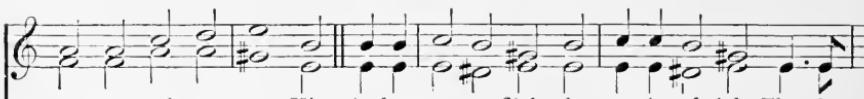
ho - ly arm



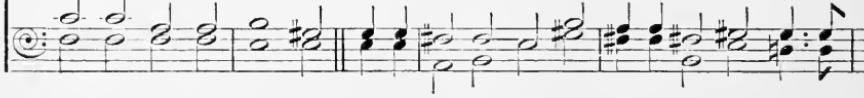
His arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, In



His arm



reverent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the armies of night, That the



sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him



We march, we march to victory.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
 With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread
 His ho - ly arm o'er us, His ho - ly His arm spread o'er us. 2. Our o'er . . . us.
 His arm

All Stanzas except
last. || Last Stanza only.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high.

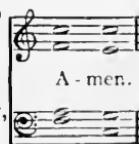
Our helmet is His salvation,
 Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
 Our watchward, the Incarnation.
 We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits

Our march to the golden Sion;
 For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
 And burst the bars of iron.
 We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,

With the banner of Christ before us,
 With His eye of love looking down from above,
 And His holy arm spread o'er us.
 We march, we march to victory!
 With the cross of the Lord before us,
 With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
 And His holy arm spread o'er us.



G. MOULTRIE.

PILGRIMS.

LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are chil-dren of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King,
We are chil-dren of a King, Sing - ing as we jour-ney;
Je - sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth-ing ter - ri - fied,
Fol - low close-ly at His side, Sing - ing as we jour-ney.

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell.

2 We are trav'ling to our home,
Blessed home, blessed home,
We are trav'ling to our home,
Singing as we journey ;
Tow'rd a city out of sight
Where will fall no shade of night,
For our Saviour is its light,
Singing as we journey.

3 Full of joy we onward go,
Heav'nward go, homeward go,
Full of joy we onward go
Singing as we journey ;
Singing all the journey through—
Singing hearts are brave and true—
Singing till our home we view,
Singing as we journey.

LUCY J. RIDER.

PILOT.

IRA B. WILSON.



1. We sail a-long in our lit - tle boats O-ver the great Life sea,...



The breakers roar and the waves dash high Who will our Pi-lot be?....



REFRAIN.



The Christ will our Pi-lot be,.... A wonder-ful Guide is He,....



So we'll sail, sail, sail,..... Christ will our Pi-lot be.



Copyright, 1907, by The Lorenz Publishing Co.

2 We sail along in the morning bright,
 Happy and glad are we,
 But still we ask as the rocks draw near,
 Who will our Pilot be?

3 We sail along, there are shoals they say,
 Dangers from which to flee,
 We face the storms with a heavy heart,
 Who will our Pilot be?

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

WIR PFLÜGEN.

JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.



1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,



But it is fed and wa - tered By God's Al-might - y Hand;



He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,



The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft, re-fresh-ing rain.



We plough the fields.

REFRAIN.



All good gifts a-round us Are sent from Heav'n a-bove; Then



thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all.... His love. A-men.



2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts. Amen.

From the German, tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL.

JEWELS.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els,



All His jew - els, precious jew - els His lov'd and His own.



Like the star of the morn-ing, His bright crown a - dorn-ing,



They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.



2 He will gather, He will gather,
 The gems for His kingdom;
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
 His lov'd and His own.

3 Little children, little children,
 Who love their Redeemer;
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His lov'd and His own.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

AMSTERDAM.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - nas to His name.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long, He

bade them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A - men.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Amen.

TRUST AND OBEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk the with Lord In the light of His Word What a glo - ry He
 sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still,
 And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
 no o-ther way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

REFRAIN.

2 Not a shadow can rise,
 Not a cloud in the skies
 But His smile quickly drives it away;
 Not a doubt nor a fear,
 Not a sigh nor a tear,
 Can abide while we trust and obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
 Nor a sorrow we share,
 But our toil He doth richly repay;
 Not a grief nor a loss,
 Not a frown nor a cross,
 But is blest if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of His love
 Until all on the altar we lay;
 For the favor He shows,
 And the joy He bestows,
 Are for them who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at His feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do,
 Where He sends we will go—
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

LAUDES DOMINI.

J. BARNBY.

- 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

- 6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Amen.

Tr. E. CASWELL.

VIRGINIA.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Where is Je-sus, lit-tle chil-dren? Is He up in Heav-en?
 Has God tak-en back the pres-ent Which to us was given?
 2. In the souls of lit-tle children, Je-sus make His home, Where the heart has
 heard Him knocking And has bid Him come, And has bid Him come.
 3. 4.

Copyright, 1904, by May Whittle Moody.

2 Where is Jesus, little children?
 Is He in a book?
 Does He no more talk to people
 And upon them look?

3 Where is Jesus, little children?
 With us ever more;
 He is here and we may find Him
 Shut within this door.

4 Jesus, make in us Thy dwelling!
 Come with us to live,
 And to each and all Thy children
 Thine own beauty give.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

NOEL.

CLAIRE CHAPMAN.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night All seat-ed on the ground,
 The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And
 glory shone around "Fear not!" said he, for mighty dread Had ~~seiz'd~~ their troubled
 mind, Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.

Copyright, 1910, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 To you in David's town this day
 Is born of David's line
 A Saviour which is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign:
 The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:
 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace,
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease."

TATE AND BRADY.

131 Whither, pilgrims, are you going?

BETTER LAND.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Boys. { Whither, pil - grims, are you go - ing. Go-ing each with staff in hand? }
 Girls. { We are go - ing on a jour - ney. Go-ing at our King's command; }

REFRAIN.

O - ver hills, and plains, and val - leys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace,

We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go-ing to the bet - ter land;

We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go-ing to the bet - ter land.

2

Boys. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for Boys. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 In that far-off, better land? To that bright and better land?

Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 From a Saviour's loving hand; Welcome to our pilgrim band.

All. We shall drink of life's clear river, All. Come, O come! and do not leave us,
 We shall dwell with God forever, Christ is waiting to receive us,
 We shall dwell with God forever, Christ is waiting to receive us.
 In that bright, that better land.

3

In that bright, that better land.
 ANON.

132 Why do bells at Christmas ring?

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

M. R. HOFER.

1. Why do bells at Christ-mas ring? Why do lit - tle chil - dren sing?

Once a love - ly shin - ing star, Seen by shepherds from a - far,

Gent - ly moved un - til its light Made a man - ger cra - dle bright.

Copyright, 1899, by The Clayton F. Summy Co.

2 There a darling Baby lay,
 Pillowed soft upon the hay ;
 And its mother sang and smiled,
 " This is Christ, the holy child."
 Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
 Therefore little children sing.

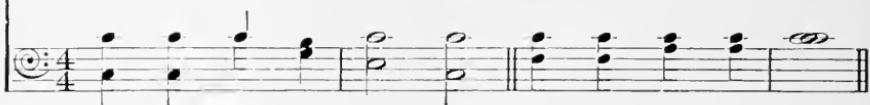
EUGENE FIELD.

ARMAGEDDON.

Adapted by J. Goss.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?



Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?



Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?



Who is on the Lord's side?

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm,
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died ;
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood
 For Thy diadem.
 With Thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By Thy great redemption,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure,
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful,
 For our Captain's band,
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold ;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.
 Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WHOSOEVER.

P. P. BLISS.



I. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound!



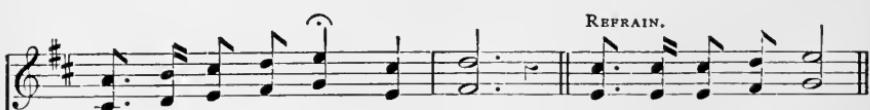
Send the bless - ed ti - dings all the world a - round;



Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:



REFRAIN.



"Who - so - ev - er will, may come." "Who - so - ev - er will,



Whosoever will.



who - so - ev - er will," Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver
vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther
calls the wand'r'er home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

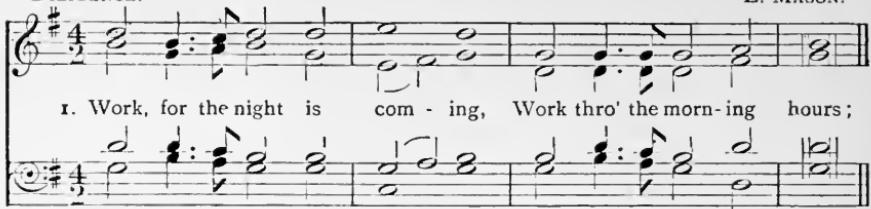
Copyright, 1898, by The John Church Co. Used by permission.

- 2 Whosoever cometh need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
"Whosoever will, may come."
- 3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure,
"Whosoever will," for ever must endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore:
"Whosoever will, may come."

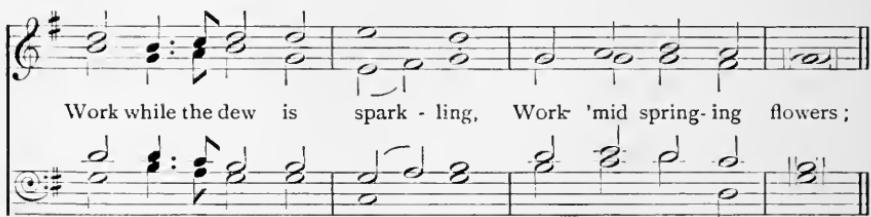
P. P. BLISS.

DILIGENCE.

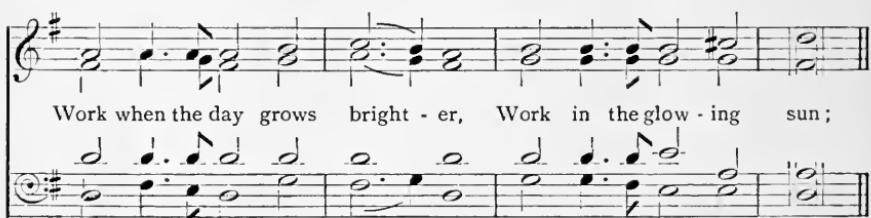
L. MASON.



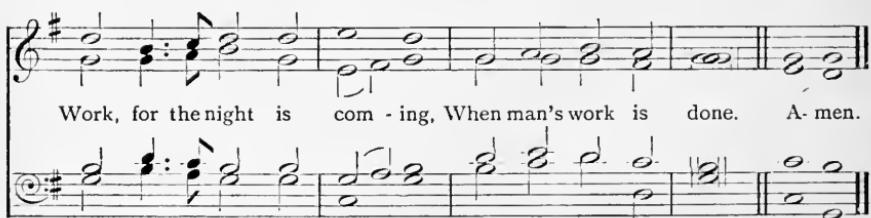
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring- ing flowers;



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A- men.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er. Amen.

A. L. WALKER.

VICTORY.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'-ry will
 Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to
 help you Some oth-er to win;
 Je-sus, (Omit.....) He'll car-ry you through.

REFRAIN.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you. Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
 He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Copyright, 1868, by H. R. Palmer.

2 Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in rev'rence,
 Nor take it in vain,
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
 God giveth a crown;
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down;
 He who is our Saviour
 Our strength will renew;
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

H. R. PALMER.







